THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1425.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Father! I am weary—
It would no longer roam
Among this life-path dreary—
Call me home!

Oh, when I was stronger,
In the early day,
I wished each hour was longer—
Hours of play!

Then my path was lighted
By beams from kindly eyes,
No sky was e'er benighted—
Sunshine flew.

Then soft words of cheering
Nerved the desiring heart,
And wish ceaser endering
Dazed each smart!

Now, alone I wander,
Cheered by no joyful cheer,
And melancholy ponder
The olden time

Son, is all completed
That thou wast sent to do?
Hast thou no duty unfulfilled
Pullover through?

Are mankind the better
Most thou'st dwelt on'tell
Hast thou shrunk one inter
Still a duty?

To war and hope and quicken
Their love of truth,
Thou will be surely awoken
In the strife.

The o'er thy appointed
Measure from the other,
There not all—
Man to see!

Throw off hesitate drooping,
Anger hands are near,
They come in answer trooping,
To aid and cheer.

When through thy long labor
Hast let the shall bear,
In each toward his neighbor
Thou shall return.

THE FALLEN STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HENRY C. ORMOND.

In the days of first Common,
There was placed for up on high,
To be and of the luminaries—
A bright agent in the sky.
Treasure from the Author better,
Shone it with a equal light,
Telling to Earth listless mothers,
Of a world where all is bright.

Years roll'd by, and ceaseless ages
Why flew on wings of time,
But though all the Earth had changed
Still that star shone bright,
Glad sing eyes had gazed upon it—
Saying it ethereal blaze,
Many an orderly watch—
Looked with wonder on it, too.

Sweet child, many and still your mother
Hailed that star with delight,
Till one eve in warm endearment
Told that star is fearful sight.

Was a time a mortal star ever,
Filled with heavens sin and glories!
Had on remember'd pollution
Stain it in eternal gloom!

scribblers dipping their pens in their life-blood, wherewith to leave a mark on the pages of time, "to be seen of men." There is much a thing as a "lord of creation," pining for distinction, and hearing every distress, and every death, for Fame! Yes, we have records of sons of Genius who have died because men neglected not the light they see before them. I send me, and I weep for Alonzo! he is dead."

I tell you, among men it is rare to find one who after he has tasted the luxury of applause and world-admiration, will rest here, and contentedly to taste, until he has closed himself, and almost (I do not say quite) sickened the patient bystanders.

Is there, then, any thing wonderful in the fact that women loves admiration? With such a noble examples before her, why should she not? I know it has been listed lonely that it is heartless, and selfish, and sinful, in a woman, merely for her personal gratification, to make wrecks of the hearts of men (?!) and that wrecking is of most frequent occurrence in the catalogue of sins as one of the blackest dye. But, if man, in his self-built wisdom, can suffer himself to be so fooled, pray whose fault is sin is it? If he rests his happiness on the smiles of our women, which is a rarer thing than ye think, oh, tenderer! whom shall he blame, if the smile-loosened soul separate him? Whose fault is it if he does not confess to please, when the eyes of the fair one are awakened to his handsome or most envious?

And some day when a more favored one of fate I meet there will be, in company, why should not lover listen in ecstasy to cold words and colder sentiments? Trust me, if man would only apply to the subject of our consideration as one coin of the coolness and calmness of reprobated thought which characterizes every day intercourse, they might some day come in a just estimation.

But enough of this! I have given a preface —and I know a case in point—more valuable, very than all my arguments! I think it will prove that it is not always the fair one that is ungentle, or change, if you should prefer it and I shall leave you to judge of the merits of this important subject.

From a far longer time more than I can well remember, I, in my few years past, the Cleveland family were our next door neighbors. From the time Adolphus was in his very dear friend of mine, and I would not make her the heroine of the story to do, or to attract for the following part. Two years ago, the whole family emigrated to Wisconsin; and I saw them no more, except in the "realms of the world." I think we blame should be attached to me for giving her "acquaintance" to the good public. None am I, that hesitated as she to the backwoods, she will never know that I have seized upon as a fair theme for my pen and my expatiate. But if you should chance to meet Florence in you wanderings reader, do not, I beg you, think I would feel feelings to purchase at this time.

Every body said Flory was a coquette—and adopting as a settled point the sentiment that "what every body says must be true," I supposed that she was. Alas! alas! "a gay, airy lady, who was fond of admiration;" and I will not deny that she was fond of it, for I certainly was the least bit in the world to obtain it. But I do regret most indignantly the idea that she was artful and designing, or that she ever sought to set a trap to ensnare any human heart.

Florence possessed a beautiful face, and a middle height, very fair, and her cheeks were the bloom of early years; her hair was of a light glossy brown—and oh, those long, full ringlets! I can vouch for the truth of it, they never emerged from curl-papers—and I do not say how often I envied my pleasure-loving sister's power to make such beautiful ones. She was in no any thing natural, even a gay, airy girl! There her eyes, "deepest blue, sometimes filled with a silver, tranquil, laughing, and again dancing, beaming and dancing very well with any of them.

Though Flory was the admiration of all boys and men, she possessed the confidence of her young companions of the presence of her own unique talents when she was by, yet not to many of us did she ever display them. Her mind was a well-stored one, and had imaginative thought of her.

Now all these qualities I should not never wasted in our depot the arrival of the Eastern train, that gathered there the day Mr. Chevalier landed and hastily passed to be still a traveler on the "far West."

There were some, indeed, who drastically honored Florence with the title of "coquette," and pressed up their lips very sanctimoniously as they pronounced it, and I have sometimes very particularly may she remember kindly of my fellow Evelyn Bowles, and Florence Cleveland, and give sweet up daughters—Fairies—must be kindly they were in her household—for those who knew them only were not in any way acquainted with their personal attractions—and two of them had several "lovers" to their share of admiration, and "consumed life! But by far the greater part of the villagers rejoiced in the name of Florence Cleveland, and looked on her as a sunbeam on a dull day, she was always so cheerful, so generous and obliging.

Some of the young men of the place were wasted to the day Florence set out for the "Far West," and I am sorry to say that they were not usually treated with such appendages as were, and that they were simply packed away and made to be stowed, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine! And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of their beauty, and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man forces to her lips, nay, you wine must be "sweet" or thing so very sweetened in the fact that her human heart cries "sweet!" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of Eve, Cleopatra, was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be I would, and I would.

When women are blessed (?) by a kind Providence with a heart of stone, or new fellow really on the hands of the truth, that they are meant and made to be admired, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine! And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of their beauty, and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man forces to her lips, nay, you wine must be "sweet" or thing so very sweetened in the fact that her human heart cries "sweet!" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of Eve, Cleopatra, was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be I would, and I would.

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior, after a brilliant achievement in battle—after some hard-fought contest, or over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet retirement, and feel that he was free at last secret impulses by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that alcoving light so often lit in exile on an Island of Elba? Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in the valleys of the world! Look! Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortez? Was Alexander?

What author, after writing our book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." But any of these glorious spirits, who, with their soul-inspired thoughts, conquer for us as more? Are the writers of our day satisfied with one brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Bear Washington, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and Sands, to the absurdity of such a belief! What —I would be truthful—can as I write these names before me, I might add many more of the glorious band, living, voiceless now—our own well-beloved Halleck; but even he may awake, and speak yet—and he make me add his name in exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior bustle for? Tell it not in this wise, wide-awake country! it is all for *country and the good of man!* We are a wonderful people, we! Small thanksgiving is to our credit. Say not plainly it is for glory, distinctions, for place in the highest towns, and we will honor you for your honest words! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights! Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of his fellows? Who will say that this is not otherwise, when indeed it is thought of at all, the secondary consideration! Ay, yes! there are such things as pure misguided

[illegible] and opened with more of regret than curiosity, the last "testament" of dear Flory.

I wish it were a long, long tale, filling many pages of paper: but I shall not indulge you, reader, with a plaster even, at all events, for Fame! No, we have records of sons of Genius who have died because men neglected not the light they see before them. I send me, and I weep for Alonzo! he is dead."

I tell you, among men it is rare to find one who after he has tasted the luxury of applause and world-admiration, will rest here, and contentedly to taste, until he has closed himself, and almost (I do not say quite) sickened the patient bystanders.

Is there, then, any thing wonderful in the fact that women loves admiration? With such a noble examples before her, why should she not? I know it has been listed lonely that it is heartless, and selfish, and sinful, in a woman, merely for her personal gratification, to make wrecks of the hearts of men (?!) and that wrecking is of most frequent occurrence in the catalogue of sins as one of the blackest dye. But, if man, in his self-built wisdom, can suffer himself to be so fooled, pray whose fault is sin is it? If he rests his happiness on the smiles of our women, which is a rarer thing than ye think, oh, tenderer! whom shall he blame, if the smile-loosened soul separate him? Whose fault is it if he does not confess to please, when the eyes of the fair one are awakened to his handsome or most envious?

And some day when a more favored one of fate I meet there will be, in company, why should not lover listen in ecstasy to cold words and colder sentiments? Trust me, if man would only apply to the subject of our consideration as one coin of the coolness and calmness of reprobated thought which characterizes every day intercourse, they might some day come in a just estimation.

But enough of this! I have given a preface —and I know a case in point—more valuable, very than all my arguments! I think it will prove that it is not always the fair one that is ungentle, or change, if you should prefer it and I shall leave you to judge of the merits of this important subject.

From a far longer time more than I can well remember, I, in my few years past, the Cleveland family were our next door neighbors. From the time Adolphus was in his very dear friend of mine, and I would not make her the heroine of the story to do, or to attract for the following part. Two years ago, the whole family emigrated to Wisconsin; and I saw them no more, except in the "realms of the world." I think we blame should be attached to me for giving her "acquaintance" to the good public. None am I, that hesitated as she to the backwoods, she will never know that I have seized upon as a fair theme for my pen and my expatiate. But if you should chance to meet Florence in you wanderings reader, do not, I beg you, think I would feel feelings to purchase at this time.

Every body said Flory was a coquette—and adopting as a settled point the sentiment that "what every body says must be true," I supposed that she was. Alas! alas! "a gay, airy lady, who was fond of admiration;" and I will not deny that she was fond of it, for I certainly was the least bit in the world to obtain it. But I do regret most indignantly the idea that she was artful and designing, or that she ever sought to set a trap to ensnare any human heart.

Florence possessed a beautiful face, and a middle height, very fair, and her cheeks were the bloom of early years; her hair was of a light glossy brown—and oh, those long, full ringlets! I can vouch for the truth of it, they never emerged from curl-papers—and I do not say how often I envied my pleasure-loving sister's power to make such beautiful ones. She was in no any thing natural, even a gay, airy girl! There her eyes, "deepest blue, sometimes filled with a silver, tranquil, laughing, and again dancing, beaming and dancing very well with any of them.

Though Flory was the admiration of all boys and men, she possessed the confidence of her young companions of the presence of her own unique talents when she was by, yet not to many of us did she ever display them. Her mind was a well-stored one, and had imaginative thought of her.

Now all these qualities I should not never wasted in our depot the arrival of the Eastern train, that gathered there the day Mr. Chevalier landed and hastily passed to be still a traveler on the "far West."

There were some, indeed, who drastically honored Florence with the title of "coquette," and pressed up their lips very sanctimoniously as they pronounced it, and I have sometimes very particularly may she remember kindly of my fellow Evelyn Bowles, and Florence Cleveland, and give sweet up daughters—Fairies—must be kindly they were in her household—for those who knew them only were not in any way acquainted with their personal attractions—and two of them had several "lovers" to their share of admiration, and "consumed life! But by far the greater part of the villagers rejoiced in the name of Florence Cleveland, and looked on her as a sunbeam on a dull day, she was always so cheerful, so generous and obliging.

Some of the young men of the place were wasted to the day Florence set out for the "Far West," and I am sorry to say that they were not usually treated with such appendages as were, and that they were simply packed away and made to be stowed, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine! And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of their beauty, and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man forces to her lips, nay, you wine must be "sweet" or thing so very sweetened in the fact that her human heart cries "sweet!" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of Eve, Cleopatra, was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be I would, and I would.

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior, after a brilliant achievement in battle—after some hard-fought contest, or over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet retirement, and feel that he was free at last secret impulses by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that alcoving light so often lit in exile on an Island of Elba? Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in the valleys of the world! Look! Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortez? Was Alexander?

What author, after writing our book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." But any of these glorious spirits, who, with their soul-inspired thoughts, conquer for us as more? Are the writers of our day satisfied with one brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Bear Washington, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and Sands, to the absurdity of such a belief! What —I would be truthful—can as I write these names before me, I might add many more of the glorious band, living, voiceless now—our own well-beloved Halleck; but even he may awake, and speak yet—and he make me add his name in exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior bustle for? Tell it not in this wise, wide-awake country! it is all for *country and the good of man!* We are a wonderful people, we! Small thanksgiving is to our credit. Say not plainly it is for glory, distinctions, for place in the highest towns, and we will honor you for your honest words! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights! Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of his fellows? Who will say that this is not otherwise, when indeed it is thought of at all, the secondary consideration! Ay, yes! there are such things as pure misguided

"But such a course was not the one for me to be and in the end, a person pursuing a far different method of reaching a height, probably would, be arrived at the same climbas that I did.

"Wherever among my old friends I chose to go, I went without consulting the pleasure of his highness, who had led me about as a child in leading-strings until the age of manhood—What books I liked, I read concerning my judgment on this point, perhaps, (not altogether unwarrantably either,) more as good as his own. I dressed in what fashion I pleased and wore my hair in the style nature intended. At one determined stroke I broke the thread-like chains which, from their very fineness, had been more galling to me than links of iron. I could read by Harry's lack of astonishment that his thoughts were far away from whereabouts to unfold parts of my life, which you, with others, may now think quite interesting.

"When I am gone, and the partial regret some will feel at my death is worn away, and days begin with astonishment to grow me what they think my 'fate,' and I enter me once more with the mythical glow they have given to my character, than do you, my friend, take up the pen and let in my defence. If I should happen to die of the cholera before I leave, I wish some hand—no one about to consult confessor, 'Aunt Sally,' *select gift*. He does not like dispensation of Providence' that has removed me: and that old Infant Baker ought to take it into her head to write my servicable friend, and her name for 'The Cossette' and so be published in one of the magazines as a warning for all who shall come after me—an immortality to which I can give you I do not aspire. Oh Tom Harding would be tempted to dismount more eloquently than ever on my respective demerits—drawing from the depths of his experience of Providence, dear, if such things should happen, remember to stand up valiantly for 'woman's rights,' and write my servicable friend, and her name for 'The Cossette' and so be published in one of the magazines as a warning for all who shall come after me—an immortality to which I can give you I do not aspire. Oh Tom Harding would be tempted to dismount more eloquently than ever on my respective demerits—drawing from the depths of his experience of Providence, dear, if such things should happen, remember to stand up valiantly for 'woman's rights,' and

I may as well, in these "confessions," have them as him as speedily as possible. I know very well what all the gossips said when it was rumored that I had 'cut him dead,' after encouraging the poor fellow, who was really not a good for me!" But, as it happened in this case, they were all wrong. Such delightful mistakes sometimes happen even with gossipers. Sure, since time immemorial, tyes will bear and tie of the most bitter bond in our village almost, (Mrs. Gould will not consider this a personality, every lady who was favored with the least pretensions to beauty, and making him-self one of the number,) was getting up an entertainment of parties of pleasure in summer, and in the winter, sleigh-rides. Harry was a great favorite with me, which, as a body, we managed very well in the way of sleighs, and often in a sleigh of my own. Now was it not presumption, Cary? To think that a poor fellow could be thus slighted after such and often with me on church on Sundays—and it was rumored we were engaged; but that Harry declined to make the exact

Love may be attentive and agreeable even over the verge of intimacy with one another and yet not be engaged. Harry and I were on the most friendly terms, and yet, who knew better than I, that he was not in the least interested in me, and I was not in the least more indignantly to—the idea that he was artful and designing, or that she ever sought to set a trap to ensnare any human heart.

Florence possessed a beautiful face, and a middle height, very fair, and her cheeks were the bloom of early years; her hair was of a light glossy brown—and oh, those long, full ringlets! I can vouch for the truth of it, they never emerged from curl-papers—and I do not say how often I envied my pleasure-loving sister's power to make such beautiful ones. She was in no any thing natural, even a gay, airy girl! There her eyes, "deepest blue, sometimes filled with a silver, tranquil, laughing, and again dancing, beaming and dancing very well with any of them.

Though Flory was the admiration of all boys and men, she possessed the confidence of her young companions of the presence of her own unique talents when she was by, yet not to many of us did she ever display them. Her mind was a well-stored one, and had imaginative thought of her.

Now all these qualities I should not never wasted in our depot the arrival of the Eastern train, that gathered there the day Mr. Chevalier landed and hastily passed to be still a traveler on the "far West."

There were some, indeed, who drastically honored Florence with the title of "coquette," and pressed up their lips very sanctimoniously as they pronounced it, and I have sometimes very particularly may she remember kindly of my fellow Evelyn Bowles, and Florence Cleveland, and give sweet up daughters—Fairies—must be kindly they were in her household—for those who knew them only were not in any way acquainted with their personal attractions—and two of them had several "lovers" to their share of admiration, and "consumed life! But by far the greater part of the villagers rejoiced in the name of Florence Cleveland, and looked on her as a sunbeam on a dull day, she was always so cheerful, so generous and obliging.

Some of the young men of the place were wasted to the day Florence set out for the "Far West," and I am sorry to say that they were not usually treated with such appendages as were, and that they were simply packed away and made to be stowed, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine! And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of their beauty, and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man forces to her lips, nay, you wine must be "sweet" or thing so very sweetened in the fact that her human heart cries "sweet!" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of Eve, Cleopatra, was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be I would, and I would.

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior, after a brilliant achievement in battle—after some hard-fought contest, or over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet retirement, and feel that he was free at last secret impulses by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that alcoving light so often lit in exile on an Island of Elba? Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in the valleys of the world! Look! Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortez? Was Alexander?

What author, after writing our book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." But any of these glorious spirits, who, with their soul-inspired thoughts, conquer for us as more? Are the writers of our day satisfied with one brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Bear Washington, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and Sands, to the absurdity of such a belief! What —I would be truthful—can as I write these names before me, I might add many more of the glorious band, living, voiceless now—our own well-beloved Halleck; but even he may awake, and speak yet—and he make me add his name in exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior bustle for? Tell it not in this wise, wide-awake country! it is all for *country and the good of man!* We are a wonderful people, we! Small thanksgiving is to our credit. Say not plainly it is for glory, distinctions, for place in the highest towns, and we will honor you for your honest words! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights! Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of his fellows? Who will say that this is not otherwise, when indeed it is thought of at all, the secondary consideration! Ay, yes! there are such things as pure misguided

Pictures of Life.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE COQUETTE; OR, THE EXHAUSTED TOPIC.

BY CAROLINE ——.

I have been looking over a field of old magazines, which are now scattered about me in most beautiful confusion, for the sole purpose of discovering in the steps of their many "editorial profanations," I am in search of an exposition on that, which, by the last tale in the last new magazine, seems to be still a favorite, a hobby object to creation, namely, "The Coquette."

And oh, the poems, and tales, and essays, I, in the Mrs.'s and Misses—the Mr.'s and Esqr.'s, let alone the Rev.'s and Hon.'s—that have been dedicated to poor forth their thoughts like water on this enchanted (?) topic! I will spare you, through mere Christian charity, some tender, from listening to their enumeration.

By this time, if you are any thing of a magazine or newspaper reader, you must necessarily have arrived at some conclusion as to this train of human. What do you think of the "coquettes in general, my friend—what do you think of those with whom you have had to do with in particular? According to John, a coquette is "a gay, airy girl, who by natural gift endeavors to gain admiration;" which, enough, all that, I should say.

When women are blessed (?) by a kind Providence with a heart of stone, or new fellow really on the hands of the truth, that they are meant and made to be admired, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine! And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of their beauty, and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man forces to her lips, nay, you wine must be "sweet" or thing so very sweetened in the fact that her human heart cries "sweet!" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of Eve, Cleopatra, was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be I would, and I would.

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior, after a brilliant achievement in battle—after some hard-fought contest, or over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet retirement, and feel that he was free at last secret impulses by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that alcoving light so often lit in exile on an Island of Elba? Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in the valleys of the world! Look! Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortez? Was Alexander?

What author, after writing our book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." But any of these glorious spirits, who, with their soul-inspired thoughts, conquer for us as more? Are the writers of our day satisfied with one brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Bear Washington, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and Sands, to the absurdity of such a belief! What —I would be truthful—can as I write these names before me, I might add many more of the glorious band, living, voiceless now—our own well-beloved Halleck; but even he may awake, and speak yet—and he make me add his name in exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior bustle for? Tell it not in this wise, wide-awake country! it is all for *country and the good of man!* We are a wonderful people, we! Small thanksgiving is to our credit. Say not plainly it is for glory, distinctions, for place in the highest towns, and we will honor you for your honest words! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights! Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of his fellows? Who will say that this is not otherwise, when indeed it is thought of at all, the secondary consideration! Ay, yes! there are such things as pure misguided

Our Portrait Gallery.

MARIE, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

Late arrivals from France bring the following account of the formation of a new ministry by Cavaignac, a prominent member of which is the gentleman whose portrait we give above:

The Cavaignac Ministry is now sitting, as follows: Marie, Justice. Bastide, Foreign Affairs. De Lamoricière, War. Vernhuc, Marine and Colonies. Dufaure, Interior; Tourret, Agriculture and Commerce. Freslon, Public Instruction; Goudchaux, Finances; Vivien, Public Works. Of these, MM. Dufaure, Vivien, Tourret, Freslon and De Lamoricière belong decidedly to the Moderate party. MM. Marie, Bastide and Goudchaux, are counted as Republicans of the veille (old) although MM. Marie was not one of those who would have had the Republic to be a Republic in February. He would have supported a Regency under the Duchess of Orleans. The character and spirit of the new Cabinet may be judged from this, and the unbounded rage of the Republicans of the veille and the Democratic Socialists.

Mr. Bonnet, grandson of the well known member of the Convention of that name, has been appointed *chef de cabinet* of the Minister of Public Works.

Original Sketch.

THE LANDLORD AND THE DEAD COW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN JONES, JR.

If the story we are about to tell should happen to be a "truest-old tale," all we have to say is, that it will bear twice telling; if not, it is a high time it was told, for so good a thing ought by no means to be left sleeping in the memories of the few who have heard it, or else allow it for themselves. We merely chronicle the facts.

In a neighboring city lived, many years ago, a widowed lady fellow named Claypole, who rented about a dozen small tenement houses, which he rented by the month or week to poor families. Most of his tenants were fellow women, with young children to support by their individual labor. Claypole was a hard landlord. He was prompt to send in the rents on the day it was due, and was in no way, if the money were not ready for it, willing to accept any excuse. The poor women who lived in his miserable shanties—they were little better—were all afraid of him, and generally managed to save them selves from abuse, to scrape together enough to pay their rent, if they were without considerable food. As for repairs, he made none. His tenants must take things as they found them, or not take 'em. In general it was so, now adays, in a time when I have got still worse, and matters were continually changing their occupants, "if you like it, take it—if not, not. There's no competitors. You can see what it is."

In one of these wretched tenements had lived, for two or three years, a widow woman, considerably advanced in years, whose daughter had died and left to her care two infant children. The father of these babes was a drunken vagabond, and would do nothing for their support, so that the entire burden of food, and and maintenance devolved upon the grandmother. While health remained, old Mrs. Lyon was able to provide for her little family with what she could earn by washing and other hard work. But sickness came upon her, very inclement winter, brought on an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and she was laid up for several weeks, and for that time was rendered by some benevolent ladies to whom she was known, her comfort and little some she have suffered dreadfully.

Mrs. Lyon's rent, which was four dollars a month, was due, and she could not pay it. Sickness and could not, therefore, be paid, notwithstanding old Claypole came punctually on the day, and demanded, and was refused, in cash, almost every day, for weeks, notwithstanding the poor old woman was hardly able to get out of her bed during the time, or promise the simple bed but children required.

At last, at last, two months was due, and still no cash. The poor old woman's heart failed her, and the prospect of the old woman's being able to pay any thing for a long time to come, and she shall hear as little resemblance to her faithless George, as my Ned does—and my Ned is a wilderness, the fairest willow

[illegible] soon. And when the *deed is done*, let every lady learn the song, and every gentleman stand by and listen to it soberly. Here it is:

THE LADY'S VOW.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
No, you worried me till I did;
Colors seem by candlelight,
Unless I look the same by day.

When the silvers played over there,
And the dancers were not slow,
Knew not then what I did say—
Yet but "yes" one word is true.

Still be yes for evermore.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nicely, or the thing is light—
Bravely, as in fronting death.
Win a constancy to plight.

Lead her from the painted bauble—
Paint her to the starry skies—
Teach her by your manly model,
Prize from sovereign's diamonds.

If you your lady's heart have won,
Ever true, as wives of yore,
And her "yes" once said to you,

Life in the Forest.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, who has been writing letters to that paper from the back woods of New York, thus describes the following sketch in a letter dated "Coal Creek Cabin:"

There are some scenes in forest life to which I have not yet introduced you, and which I will try to make somewhat familiar to you, begging you to understand, that I dare ascribe one I give it as a fair illustration of a class of scenes which are found here.

As you have learned from my letters before, death does not spare the forester, but he does so do all more. I would seem that living in the clear air, and drinking the pure water, and wandering over the mountains day by day, he would have much nerve and strength. To a man, who are surrounded with mountain vapors, with pipes constantly in his mouth, and from Pandora's box, reading in your weekly reports the list of hundreds of victims of this or that complaint which feeds otherwise —to you, I say, the idea of death must be intolerably connected with the form of a fever. But here it is vastly different. Disease is almost unknown, and it is only when the march has machinery is quite worn out that the wheels stop, and the dust is dust. True it is that I would not be willing to live here and die. Old Deacon ——, nurse him, would have spared pain from his hypercritical love, to the comforts of the church. He, he, the deacon had the worst of it that morning—I wish I could have seen it—for, by which I guiltily, I think that he'd die as very soon, or I might have stayed longer.

Such habits as these you need not be told would wear out the frame of a giant. Said I, "Deacon, you are not well, let me go to such high, and proportionally broad shoulders, as Deacon ——'s, and I have seen him sixteen inch deer, which must have weighed over two hundred and eighty (they were not very large deer) three times through the woods as well as I would have carried one. Had you been with me that morning in the forest, you would have shrunk at the idea that the vast gigantic form, could be in so short a time, reduced to the lifeless clay, and I was at the struggle of the destroyer with the strongest implement of all—a fever. I could take the ax myself, but I am not much—" that's just what I want to talk about. You are speaking all the while of your neighbors, and not of yourself, but of yet quietly, why, she must be said. I've made my mind up to it. The rent has been paid, and I've been trusting to Providence for the rest. But it was a long time. Months passed away, and no one came to take it, and the receipt for the rent, which I have got still remaining.

Mrs. Lyon was bewildered, and she looked bewildered. But her mind soon became clear, and she heard the tale of her loss. She had, in fact, lost what it was worth, and saw before her the opportunity of getting rid of

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Nov. 6th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—One of you is a late letter-writer, requiring answers at once; the other, a man of few words, at the end of a year. Now I'll be with I might "be there to-day." I can truly say, "Time flies," but I never before suspected that I was quite so happy here, in my old homestead, where I have little more to vex the monotony of my existence, than the carnal and departure of my four visitors, the reading of a few letters, and the occasional, and a paltry over the hills, or those in Philadelphia, but winter, which every day becomes more imminent and continuous.

I love society, too much, I have sometimes feared, yet no one could be reconciled to retirement more quietly and easily. I truly believe myself gifted with a happy adaptability, as regards outward circumstances and personal surroundings. My voluntary exile from the city for the winter, would prove this to the most skeptical. But if in my own choice that I am now, as Hood's Ann Hale says—"far from the busy haunts of men." I want breathing, thinking and feeling time—one of those seasons of mental companionship with nature, which the original genius of the world, only,—such a visit to the past, as I recently had to Venice makes more love to make us, when they "bring their industry-work and stay three months."

As the ideomid Ann Hale drolishly remarks, "Love wipping-willow and a windmill is a delightful sight, about, small, of such sometimes better than more ambitious prospect"—if one must feel the warmest interests of one's heart chilled, and its most free and generous patriotism checked by the constant contemplation of human misery and selfishness. But that I was ever well broken in the gilding business at etiquette, or drilled in the cult of fashion—I am not of the sort to think my failure can exceed—I have not the rag of a genuine belle; there was always, I fear, an atmosphere of the woods, a smell of fresh earth about me; and now that "my last is on my native heath," though I rule my own destiny, I could vow to the sylvan deities never to resign the freedom, gladness and true dignity of a country life for the carnal pleasures and very real disadvantages of the metropolis.

I am, as you well remember, passionately fond of music, and have not heard it left in Boston or Philadelphia, I afterward read your operas and concerts. But when I find this deprivation pressing home to me in my home, I turn to the poets, whose *ever eternal* harmonies, compared with the sweetest strains ever flown from instrument, are "as moon-shine," as poured from a human throat. Take us to the music of the spheres, to the faint, imperfect music of a bird.

I never enjoyed reading with a more fresh and perfect relish than at this season. I have, it is true, few new books, but have been dipping into some of my old favorites—such old friends keep tightly and would not suffer from interruptions, of Scott, Lamb, Miss Bremer &c., are none deeper or higher. Says an acquaintance "to me, "I have been running through Shakspeare lately." *Running through Shakspeare!* Sam Lover's friend Master Abbey! Change humor at Florence—lunch in the Colosseum—sip a cigar at Tortoni's—write an opera—sup on the "design of light" opinion on Macready.

Our beautiful and quiet corner of the world is being somewhat rocked and kneed into a-dogs by that quadrennial political earthquake, the Presidential campaign. What, Democratic and Free-Soil meetings are held among us, as with you, good speeches are made, liberty poles raised and even mugs rung by our gentlemen, who have a very gleeful or enthusiastic manner. There is nothing like the perfect free and easy, musical abandon of the Tennessee—God forbid the nation of degraded bee passed away forever!

Apropos of political songs, I was lately guilty of a very importunate want of faith in the poetical powers of the Times'—seeing a p paper that one General Committee had been elected to a Southern Legislature, I exclaimed:

"Pardon, who's a name!

To fill the spacious stump at party fame!

Oh, that this man could be nominated for the Presidency!—what a rich predicament for the ring-wreaths of the party! We should be sure to be delivered from misogynic doggerels, or in all measure of mis; for not the most adventurous bard would attempt to weave the name into rhyme per se!

Ah, conclusion hasty and ill-judged, for now who but lived to see such lames as Van Buren, Taylor, Polk and Clay raised to the two lowest eyed nine, to be enshrined in immortal verse.

The day has taught me my error, and convinced me that the poetico-poetical genius of young America is inexhaustible. I have just received from a Southern correspondent, a constituent of Congressman Counthook, a copy of an ode, which, I am told, did much to secure the election of that honorable gentleman. This I will transcribe for you, remarking that, "in my opinion," as Count Rover-sear says, talking into consideration the common difficulties of the subject, and the consequent man not to what it has been done, this effort may rank the rank as the very first political poem of the congress. I would furthermore remark of my friend, the writer, that he is very young, and is destined to become one of his own country's best men until now, wholly without literary patron age. He was never among "Our Contributors," in Godey or Graham, nor is he now of "*Les Soirées*," the name that the author of "The Lady Jane" bestows in playful compliment on the young writers he has made the public cherish in his ode.

For the eyes of your lady readers, I will give a hasty sketch of the personnel of our young poet. He is neither tall nor slender, but might be slender and slender.—it is not so his as a tweede, nor as such as a Mose. He has a striking face—one you would remark in a crowd, were it painted to you; it has the "*sublime air*" of Napoleon,—slightly inclined to the East. The of his short whiskers is suggestive of Byron—you would recognize somebody from the cut of his Shelley—his hair unfortunately does not curl, otherwise it would resemble Tom Moore in that feature. He speaking while it remains fine teeth, is marked by a stammer, which must remind one of Lamb;—his coloridge is a great resolution to my sensible friend, as are also the polishes of Postmasterships. In poor, but possessed a step-father, who lost a leg under Crockett, at San Jacinto, and who is now living on his laurels—poetry and bathing on electrons. As a man and a poet, he had equally much at stake in the political contest to which he devoted his pen. But to the poem:—

"Hurrah! with patriot blood in fire,
True to the deeds we come
And hereth thy banner mage emotive,
Chivalric Counterhook!

"Oh, 'tis none more powerful,
We'll give the other vote
Till their ranks so white shall light the night,
Along Bank-Eater's hat!

"Though the battle glare is round us
Unlit by moon, or star,
Where the white powder's waving,
And know that then are our

"Let party-arrow and twice-barrow
Before thy coming flee—
Counter on for Arrow-catcher,
Tear up the Type-tree!

"Immortal chief—before thy name
The nations is dumb,
And e'en thy hissing foes must own
The Country's come!

"March on, with banners borne on high,
Proud troops and rolling drum!
March on, till victory declare
For vision Counterhook!

Speaking of the nominations—what an exquisite political poem was that by T. B. Read, "Sheridan's Ride," on "Thirty Lorton." To my mind, it rivals in truthfulness of description, in power to heighten a successful conception, Bryant's "Death of the Flowers." In particular I was delighted with the lines:

"Oh, I ride for the days that have passed away,
With your fields like the sea, that I used to know!
When the world was all sunshine and beauty and day!"

And the date locked my line in the valley of years! Then my heart felt its wings, and its home of the past was a land of the living, and not of the dead.

The poetical life of the rather is now in "the Day of May," or rather in its life in the future—its promises, its hopes, even, not to be surpassed by the hallowed glory and gorgeousness of memory. I am glad, I am happy, that Mr. Clay, John Smith, said by to it seven years, after the poor has a new nation's "Day of Jubilee." May he live to see the Union, peace, and may we, my friends, live to rejoice them all.

Affectionately,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chestnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the second story, above that of the South American.

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to each Post Office, or to subscribers through it), shall be entitled to a continuance of the weekly exchange of the Post Office Department, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued, as either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive them, as may be directed.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves to procure us subscribers, at the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take active steps to get liberal orders themselves, that they will show our Prospectus & some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will see the two papers in exchange with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains a full supply of matter. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage *is but the same as the former*, as we have not increased the amount of the small reprint.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons remitting letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which the Post Office is.

Post Masters or others sending in a club, would confer a favor by having them send to one address when their can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Uterus Tuo.—A subscriber wishes to know whether we will insert two questions, "one at which the answer is given in the affirmative, and the other in the negative, by an Electric Debating Society." In reply to this we say, that we will insert any question on our discussion—and accordingly it between a matter of interest to our readers.

Now we are opposed to leaving system—especially in matters of this kind—to the chance of voting as opposed to being, especially in such cases, as the question of Slavery, where the vote is so close as not to give the victory fairly to either party. Let the question be discussed on its merits alone, and not the other. And the chance the second time, will be that the vote will be reversed, or so as to leave it where it was before.

Let the question be discussed on its merits alone, and not the other have been."

Let persons desiring letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which the Post Office is.

Post Masters or others sending in a club, would confer a favor by having them send to one address when their can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Uterus Tuo.—A subscriber wishes to know whether we will insert two questions, "one at which the answer is given in the affirmative, and the other in the negative, by an Electric Debating Society." In reply to this we say, that we will insert any question on our discussion—and accordingly it between a matter of interest to our readers.

Now we are opposed to leaving system—especially in matters of this kind—to the chance of voting as opposed to being, especially in such cases, as the question of Slavery, where the vote is so close as not to give the victory fairly to either party. Let the question be discussed on its merits alone, and not the other. And the chance the second time, will be that the vote will be reversed, or so as to leave it where it was before.

Let the question be discussed on its merits alone, and not the other have been."

Let persons desiring letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which the Post Office is.

Post Masters or others sending in a club, would confer a favor by having them send to one address when their can do so conveniently.

A CHANGE.

We think our readers will be pleased with the change we make this week in the type of our outside pages, the form and appearance of which appear to us to be more agreeable than the old. We have also made a change in the size of the paper, which will be found more convenient for binding, and which we hope will be generally approved.

We may remark, in conclusion, that our thanks are due to those who have exerted themselves, and we trust to such "continue"—and we will suggest to them that they can argue with a good degree of reason, that the Post is worthy of their support, as we have published the two. This, however, will be a matter of course, and of course, we shall not be particularly for which evidence of their wish we are pleased to receive.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Once more we call upon you, friends, to make some exertion on our behalf, but we also know the little trouble you have to do so, and that it is no compliance to the great good they are able to do us.

In these cases supposing where the subscription is but a trifle (as we), how very great would be the aid to us, to send in a club, to double or even treble and thereby encourage its number.

As some inducement to such efforts, we renew the promise of the Post, to the person sending the largest number of names. Seldom less at this year—how easy any one of five hundred other towns could do as well.

In conclusion, we may say that our strongest efforts shall be constantly exerted to render the Post that character already awarded to it by the best judges, that of one of the cheapest, purest, neatest and the highest toned family weekly paper published on the American Continent.

HENRY PETERSON.

GOVERNMENT JEWELS.

Some thieves broke into the National Gallery, at Washington, one night last week, and stole all the jewels that were there deposited. We have no curiosity forgotten, before seeing the announcement of the robbery, to say what could be the object of the concept, of course, such as the mother of the Gracchi boasted of—princess and patriotic ones. But we were not prepared for the fact that they were presented to an American Ambassador, by the Emperor of Russia, a sword, and gold scabbard gold hilt, and gold-mounted belt, and a gold watch, and a gold snuff box, and a gold watch, and a gold snuff box, and a gold watch, and a gold snuff box

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1848.

THE BOOK OF PEARLS.

The Appletons' seem to be rather taking the lead this year in elegant gifts. The series before us, "The Book of Pearls," laid upon the table of a Congressman, Judge, or Editor, on Christmas or New Year's morn, could not but have a wonderful effect in promoting the suit of a lover. It is also admirably calculated to strengthen the sweet chain of friendship, or convey to a daughter's heart a feeling of the depth and warmth of a father's love.

The Book of Pearls contains twenty finely executed engravings—some of them very beautiful—We may instance "Jessie," "Sleepston Cottage," "Jane of Arc," (from a statue executed by the late Princess Marie d'Orleans,) "Dream of Fairy Land," "The Bandit Girl," and "The Improvisa." There are also fine portraits of Lord Byron and Tom Moore.

The literary contents are by Clara Moreton, Sarah Stickney, Mary Howitt, Miss Rand, Sarry Cantwell, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss Mulford, Mrs. Opie, &c. &c.

Published and for sale by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York, and Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ANOTHER GIFT BOOK.

We have received from Messrs. *Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Chestnut and Fourth streets, Philadelphia*, a beautiful work published by them, called "The American Gallery of Art." It is composed of engravings from the finest pictures of various artists, with poetical and prose illustrations by well known American authors. Edited by J. Sartain, the celebrated mezzotint engraver, by whom the engravings are executed. Among the engravings, shown in number, are "Sweet Spring" "Freemont raising his Chronicle to crown Philosophy," from Rothermel's picture; vignette, by T. S. Read; and "The Haunted Stream," by J. Hamilton, on the title. The illustrative poems and poetry is by T. S. Read, C. Berry, Alice A. Lee, W. E. Furnese, Mrs. Osgood, &c. This work is intended as a present for the holidays.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Here it is at last, Graham for December, with the promised portrait of Mr. Poe, and the celebrated "Raven" and other poems, our friend and correspondent, J. Bayard Taylor. Mr. Poe's portrait has loneliness on it, though that modest gentleman warned so that it was so. Mr. Taylor is taken in his Alpine costume, with his long pedestrian staff in his hand, and in the back-ground, the Alps. We think this portrait will captivate many a heart, and we are not able to tell in with the crack of the long staff in question. Really we fear the effect will be, we wonder Mr. Patterson, the present publisher of "Graham," had not more regard for the happiness of his lone and desolate wife! We intend to commence this portrait for the pages of his Magazine. The ballad of the "Haunted Stream," is another passage by the following fanly-written lines, by Geo. W. Lorimer:

The impression of the smile.
Then mantled the warmth of the rose,
Yet lingers on the face the while!
I see thee climb the Alps along
As if thy lady's memory led you
Sometimes on the rugged way
There dwells within thy poet-eyes
A spell in which no shadow lies—
A glance that reaches Heaven!
As though the thoughts the dreams inherited
Hung, starlike, o'er a world so high
Methinks the land who saw at night
And the sad sweetness of the soul—
A youth around the spectral height,
Unfortunate—from the strange decay
Did, with a prophet's pen, foreshow
The fatal wreck to come—the denial of love
And where the main have withered soiled
Below thy pathway, hard and long,
Have lived, and died, and gone unsold,
Upon the highest peak of Snow—
Thy heart is with the lonely flower!
The banner of the Alpine Lily!

But Graham for December, is also in other respects, a very noticeable number. Four engravings of "The Debut," and "Overheard in the Gaol," with a Fashion Plate, besides "Graham's high rank among the monthlies. The literary matter is also good. There are articles by Mrs. Butler, Sybil Sutherland, J. R. Chandler, Rourke Bradford, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Street, H. Morford, C. J. Peterson, J. A. Nones, Mrs. Pease, J. Bayard Taylor, &c. Poitevin Trust has also an interesting article on the Alps, illustrated by wood cuts. And Grace Greenwood, the editress, whom we cannot resist the temptation to copy!

A LAY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The glorious queen of Heaven with Hope
Has royal radiance round me now,
And from the wind which sighs and murmurs low
I watch her pathway far and free.
In not to-morrow with the light
The power of darkness! each to-night
Is to the gentle spirit's sight
Of time, dear love, of thee!

The bright and trembling robed the ocean
The starlight dashing on the wave,
The tranquil sky mystery like,
The dew-drop glistening on the tree,
Night's gentle whispers to the heart
All, all bring back one dear, lost home,
And memory opens the visions and glow.

For thee, dear love, for thee!

And when down wakes the Earth with song,
And Nature's heart, to hushed delight,
Leaps singing in the morning light,
While wave the shades around to me
While perfumed dews to Heaven arise—
Hushed by the spell of love and thee,
Still through my soul shall sweet thoughts living
Of thee, dear love, of thee!

Ah, then beloved, whose heart hath thrilled
To blessed dreams and joys with me,
What power on earth can silence be
Or shut its pressure out from me?
Not the dark tomb, from thence to thee
Its types and sweet reminders are
To this true heart, for ever free!
With thee, dear love, with thee!

We part not, though we sail apart,
Since first thy thoughts through mine is with me,
And from that hour I've known
A Heaven of love locked down on me,
My very life seems all to thine
The words within my soul I breathe
Still true, in every heart-beat to true
To thee, dear love, to thee!

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey for December contains the promised portrait of Grace Greenwood, of course all the young men will be excited, and, as not more than one can be the successful suitor, perhaps, on account of the fair, that must run the risk of broken hearts, and all that sort of thing. Well, Grace will not be "left alone," we suppose; it is Mr. Godey's fault, if anybody's is. The other engravings in this number are "Queen Lore Secret," a beautiful colored Title Page for the present volume; and a Fashion Plate—besides numerous wood engravings of the "Belle of Seasons, the work table," &c. The literary contributions are by Mrs. Ellet, Sarah Josepha Hale, and a host of others, not a few. It contains cuchres a "The Infernal Machine," "Grace Greenwood's Lyre," "Pilgrim Fathers," "The Brave Lost Boat," "The Watchmaker Romance," "The Old Flagon Tune," &c. &c. The author writes at the Fortress in a letter, in which she makes some recommendations. He says: "The man in question were grossly believed of Heaven. To exhibit their character in their true light, to retain in the perpetuity the memory of their excellence is an act of piety." For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE MOTHER'S NURSERY SONGS.

The Home Hastings. New York. M. W. Dodd. A little book of songs and hymns, to be sung to them by their young children to sing. A prodeer common the "Rainbow" and other well-known pieces are memorized to children early in life, in connection with the simplest practical exercises. Part first of the songs, number four, songs for the cradle; part second, for the nursery; part third, for the chamber; part fourth, for the table. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

CHRISTIAN SCHOOL. *by the Rev. James Old Jones Esquire. New York. M. W. Dodd.* We already have these well written songs, but the receipt of the present volume entitles us that a fourth edition, in a handsome form, and with several new compositions. That a book of poetry has run to a fourth edition, in a country where short stories are the staple, is sufficient of its possessing much merit. Published by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

WAR WITH THE SAINTS. *By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: M. W. Dodds.* This is the last work which Charlotte Elizabeth has written, and contains much of her time and thoughts during the last eighteen months of her life. It is an account of the terrible crusade against that unoffending people, the Albigenses. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

UNIVERSAL HISTORY. The second number of the second volume of this work has been issued. It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

THE PIONEER, LOUIS AND ANNIE. The November number of this excellent periodical has been issued.

DR. BEARD'S ADDRESS.—We are indebted to Dr. Isaacs, of this city, for a copy of his Address delivered before the American Institute of Homeopathy at its Anniversary Meeting in New York, last June. This Address is not only an able defence of Homeopathy, but the learned Doctor argues it on "right and laws" of "reglion." In order that our readers may have an idea of what the Rev. Homeopathists have to say, we quote the following extract, which will also do for an offset to a portion of an Address by Dr. Meigs, which is in part reproduced in one of the Home—pathists, Hydropathists, and other irregulars, published by us some months ago. We like to encourage these weedy professional wars; good in the public as affording a means to result from them—that good-humored, laughing public, which looks on all the time with the philosophy of the old woman when the contest was raging between her husband and the bear, not caring a farthing which whipped. But here is the extract:

MINUTE DOSES.

Homeopathy asks no belief on authority, but faith in scientific, i. e. only ascertained, truths of the facts in nature; and admits only of legitimate inferences from these true grounds.

It is true, that the homeopathist believes in certain things which are not admitted to be true by his opponents. For example, he believes that infinitesimal medicines are capable of producing important effects upon the animal system. But he does this, because he has observed the fact in such numerous instances, that he cannot doubt its existence. It is superstition to believe a fact which is contradictory to science; but it is not the fact so now or strange that if he should believe certain facts, against fact, that he should be considered very credulous.

With the facts constantly before us, that small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and a variety of other diseases are produced by inappreciable quantities of the infectious agent. Will the knowledge, that the miasma of sickly countries and those which produce infectious diseases, have never yet been detected by our ablest chemists in their analysis of the atmosphere. With these facts and this knowledge, can the physician, who is not philosophically unreflective can doubt that very minute doses of homeopathic agents are capable of rendering important effects upon the animal economy? To multiply illustrations would be unnecessary, but as it may and not uninteresting to do so, it may be remarked, that those who have been accustomed to the wind which comes to them from the swamp-ranch, or those who have escaped from the effects of the bite of a snake, or who have had the asthma from the effects of ipecacuanha, or those who have been affected by the experienced very important effects from very minute doses.

Let us suppose for the sake of argument, that there is no reason to sickly countries, that there are no infectious diseases, and that the atmosphere of the Rhine did not possess, nor the Mark make land, nor the mountains of Switzerland, nor the prairies of the West, any miasmatic agents. Let us suppose all this, and more; that all the persons who have had these affections were to have become sick just on the moment and just at the time they did, as patients are said to recover under homeopathic treatment, that is to say, for no reason and from no other cause than that they were sick, and that they would have got well as they did still, the belief, founded as it has been upon observations of numerous cases and careful scrutiny and comparisons of facts, would not be considered superstition, but must be admitted to be mistake.

But such a supposition can be allowed by no sincerely admitted, for it would require the most unreasonable credulity to believe that the great number of physicians and others in many parts of the world, and supported in their judgment by an enormous number of facts, could be mistaken in relation to the simple fact of the operation of morbific agents upon the system.

What is there then so startling in the proposition that these agents may operate as remedial agents? Is the power of modifying the actions of the animal economy, which they operate as remedial agents? Is the, their curative operations may be rationally expected from an minute dose, or even a portion of a preceding disease. It certainly appears to be a rational inference that Rhus might modify an existing eruption, or that Belladonna exert an alterative power in a present asthma, in as small doses as would be sufficient to produce the same effects in a person in apparent health.

Homeopathy does not in fact in the least degree more inexplicable that medicines should produce these effects in very small quantities, than that they should operate as they do in larger doses. We cannot yet explain, how or why the Tartrate of Antimony causes nausea, or Rochelle purging, or Mercury salivation. It is true, we may say that the first named acts as an irritant on the mucous of the stomach: that the second increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, and that the last stimulates the salivary glands in an endless secretion. It we did not sometimes hear, and once in a while read, these brief explanations of the operations of medicines, we would not believe that physicians had ever been studied and sciences, could be so stupid as to gave the facts as explanations of themselves. This is indeed the most unphilosophical of all things, to call a fact a reason.

The truth is, that we know of the operation of medicines by the effects which they produce. And the knowledge in the result of observation and experiment, and is only valuable as it extends the knowledge of the variation of effects from difference of dose.

In spite of these obvious truths, many people will be found who will more readily admit the power of knowing these things. They speak as if there were an intuitive perception or an impression from the Deity, of a knowledge in regard to them. The name which is most frequently applied to the supposed intuitive perception is common sense. It is usually employed after this manner: "Your common sense must tell you that a dose of a grain, or even an eighth or even an eighth part of a grain." Common sense must tell us that the fortieth part of a grain is not the fortieth part of a grain." Common sense must tell us that the fortieth part of a grain! If it answers, no; let us ask what it has to say in regard to the motion of the earth, or the fall of an apple, or a hundred grains! If not incapable of saying anything else than no; it may at length begin to answer yes; they will operate in this dose. Therefore, the assessment of this intuitive perception requires no process even at study, to learn the dose in which medicines will act, because the knowledge is intuitive. However valuable they may esteem it, we who by no claim to it, do not envy them its possession, as its valuelessness is not secured with the results obtained from observation, experience, and the exercise of common sense.

On a review of what has just been said, it will be found that the homeopathist casts his belief of the operation at minute doses, on observation of facts. Here is an expenditure not very common. But with his opponents we find the disposition to decry investigation, and to discredit facts by means of a mystical social attribute. How truly is mysticism.

TONICS.

It cannot be truly denied that the adherents at the Old School doctrines, generally, if not universally, believe in the power of tonics.

If this be no foundation in fact: if there is no such agents known which possesses, not a mere tonic tree, but an inherent strengthening power: is not the belief to be considered as necessary absurd and superstitious as a belief in the philosopher's stone, which could transmute the baser metals into gold, or in the elixir of life, which should confer eternal health and youth?

The existence of this doctrine among medical men is due, in a considerable degree, to Cullen, who attempted to explain the curative effects of Peruvian barks in intermittent fever, on the grounds that the barks, by their tonic properties, prevented the recurrence of the debility upon which he supposed the disease to depend. Originally the idea of the tonic was constantly associated with that of the tanning properties of barks. The latter were first noticed, and it was supposed that they must be capable of strengthening the living fibre. But as a large number of the substances of astringent taste and bitterness, and a variety of other substances, were found to possess the power of producing important effects upon the animal system. But he does this, because he has observed the fact in such numerous instances, that he cannot doubt its existence. It is superstition to believe a fact which is contradictory to science; but it is not the fact so now or strange that if he should believe certain facts, against fact, that he should be considered very credulous.

With the facts constantly before us, that small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and a variety of other diseases are produced by inappreciable quantities of the infectious agent. Will the knowledge, that the miasma of sickly countries and those which produce infectious diseases, have never yet been detected by our ablest chemists in their analysis of the atmosphere. With these facts and this knowledge, can the physician, who is not philosophically unreflective can doubt that very minute doses of homeopathic agents are capable of rendering important effects upon the animal economy? To multiply illustrations would be unnecessary, but as it may and not uninteresting to do so, it may be remarked, that those who have been accustomed to the wind which comes to them from the swamp-ranch, or those who have escaped from the effects of the bite of a snake, or who have had the asthma from the effects of Ipecacuanha, or those who have been affected by the experienced very important effects from very minute doses.

Let us suppose for the sake of argument, that there is no reason to sickly countries, that there are no infectious diseases, and that the atmosphere of the Rhine did not possess, nor the Mark make land, nor the mountains of Switzerland, nor the prairies of the West, any miasmatic agents. Let us suppose all this, and more; that all the persons who have had these affections were to have become sick just on the moment and just at the time they did, as patients are said to recover under homeopathic treatment, that is to say, for no reason and from no other cause than that they were sick, and that they would have got well as they did still, the belief, founded as it has been upon observations of numerous cases and careful scrutiny and comparisons of facts, could not be considered superstition, but must be admitted to be mistake.

But such a supposition can be allowed by no sincerely admitted, for it would require the most unreasonable credulity to believe that the great number of physicians and others in many parts of the world, and supported in their judgment by an enormous number of facts, could be mistaken in relation to the simple fact of the operation of morbific agents upon the system.

What is there then so startling in the proposition that these agents may operate as remedial agents? Is the power of modifying the actions of the animal economy, which they operate as remedial agents? Is so, their curative operations may be rationally expected from an minute dose, or even a portion of a preceding disease. It certainly appears to be a rational inference that Rhus might modify an existing eruption, or that Belladonna exert an alterative power in a present asthma, in as small doses as would be sufficient to produce the same effects in a person in apparent health.

Homeopathy does not in fact in the least degree more inexplicable that medicines should produce these effects in very small quantities, than that they should operate as they do in larger doses. We cannot yet explain, how or why the Tartrate of Antimony causes nausea, or Rochelle purging, or Mercury salivation. It is true, we may say that the first named acts as an irritant on the mucous of the stomach: that the second increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, and that the last stimulates the salivary glands in an endless secretion. If we did not sometimes hear, and once in a while read, these brief explanations of the operations of medicines, we would not believe that physicians had ever been studied and sciences, could be so stupid as to gave the facts as explanations of themselves. This is indeed the most unphilosophical of all things, to call a fact a reason.

The truth is, that we know of the operation of medicines by the effects which they produce. And the knowledge in the result of observation and experiment, and is only valuable as it extends the knowledge of the variation of effects from difference of dose.

In spite of these obvious truths, many people will be found who will more readily admit the power of knowing these things. They speak as if there were an intuitive perception or an impression from the Deity, of a knowledge in regard to them. The name which is most frequently applied to the supposed intuitive perception is common sense. It is usually employed after this manner: "Your common sense must tell you that a dose of a grain, or even an eighth or even an eighth part of a grain." Common sense must tell us that the fortieth part of a grain is not the fortieth part of a grain." If it answers, no; let us ask what it has to say in regard to the motion of the earth, or the fall of an apple, or a hundred grains! If not incapable of saying anything else than no; it may at length begin to answer yes; they will operate in this dose. Therefore, the assessment of this intuitive perception requires no process even at study, to learn the dose in which medicines will act, because the knowledge is intuitive. However valuable they may esteem it, we who by no claim to it, do not envy them its possession, as its valuelessness is not secured with the results obtained from observation, experience, and the exercise of common sense.

On a review of what has just been said, it will be found that the homeopathist casts his belief of

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general traveling agent for the Western States, and solicits subscribers for "Graham's," *Godey's Lady's Book, Frederick J. Hunter, John W. Graham, James Taylor, & M. Simms, &c.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 102 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general traveling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, and solicits for *C. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, John H. Weal, T. T. Waterman, John Graham, James Dorrance, Isaac D. Gouge, R. B. James and Rohr. Bertram.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Mobile, Alabama, is our general traveling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Philadelphia.

CHAS S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEED, sle. do. do. for New York City.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Canada.

SIMS. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

J. L. SPROGLE, do. do. in Ohio.

CHAS. W. SAYTON is our only Collector for New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly, in the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c., No. 66 Ann Street, New York.*

HUTCHINGS & CO., Boston, Mass.

MILTON BOWEN, Providence, Rhode Island.

D. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

GEORGE W. DOBBLE, Lancaster, Pa.

H. M. P. MORRIS, Pittsburg, Pa.

W. W. TAYLOR & Co., Richmond, Va.

H. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

C. F. HEARD & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

S. W. WENT & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Orders for the Post will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 1st of October to the 15th inst.

Column 1: received from

[illegible]	1.00	
[illegible]	1.00	
[illegible]	1.00	

Selected Poetry.

MY FATHER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The weight of man's heavy yoke
Soon on my head he'll bear;
And I remember that my father
Bends with the burden'd bear;
He walks with pain and toil,
He's weary and sore;
Yet grieve not, heart, complain not,
There's rest for him in store.

His hands are hard with honest toil,
His clothes are coarse and poor,
His step is weak and slow,
With weight of the elderly spell;
He shrinks from the cutting blast,
For feeble limbs have ever dread
Of the piercing wind and rain;
And his worn head has never felt
Pure Aviator' dark cowl.

I never from my Father heard,
Through all my happy life,
A single false, deceitful word,
Or one of angry strife;
For grieve or pain he has not sought,
But for his Country's weal,
His heart has thrown its load of thought
Of patriotic zeal.

The world would call him poor indeed,
And poor him poverty by,
But his calm soul will little heed
The frippery of show;
He may be poor, but at his side,
Wherever I note my place,
I feel that I am more rich pride
Than all the world can face.

F. E. P.

THE WORLD.

There we love are passing from us—
Passing like the summer flower;
O'ust our partner fancies from us
Death shall gather to his bower.

Vitality shall vex for for course,
Made by shower double pain,
And remorse will sternly question,
"Did he die wherein them when here?"

Oh! to survive—in vexation—
In old trials, by my power,
By the parent, weakened decline,
How endless it our love,
This life's parting pang's a science
In every strongest trial know,
And the grieved and wounded spirit
Kno, understand from its woe.

MRS SCOTT.

Selected Sketch.

DEATH.

BY ALFRED TAYLOR.

I was sitting the other day, unrailed, at my chamber winde w, wrapt in one of those heavy, foggy atmospheres of mind to which I am so fearfully subject, when all nature external and internal, became shapeless and misty, and though like in a confused nerve, how slowly my faculties and by meanwhile way through the uncertain medium, ever and anon uttering a faint, dismal croak. The weather without, on which my forward eye gazed, was in true harmony with my feelings—heavy, dull, and cheerless. A drizzling rain fell: the rain drops oozed sluggishly from the leaves of the trees, which autumn had already caused with its decreasing breath. The road was muddy, and filled with innumerable pot-holes. A few sparrows poked out their ruffled heads from the dripping eaves, turning by their sharp, discontented little eyes in the gloomy, abstruse winds, which drifted heavily across the sky, uttering their little note of disapprobation at the gloomy state of affairs in general. A fire burned or rather should have burnt in the grate; but the, to, seemed to participate in the gloom of external nature, and refused to shed its cheering light and comfort, making, seemingly, a wonderful effort to discharge the murky clouds with which it gloomily seemed oppressed. There came a knock at the door: it partially opened, and the fat, blowsy arm of the female drudge was protruded, holding out at its extremity a book from the library That decidedly fat, blowsy and ruddy arm bowed upon my supper grate of that moment, like white snake to the shipwrecked boy at sea. It at once pounced upon the bold red volume—looked at specially at the title-page. "Ah!" I exclaimed in a half-conquered tone. "Tancred," by Disraeli. I have read it but never mind: it is one of those simple productions of the human mind which will decidedly bear reading more than once. "Allan Aiken!" blessed be the God, who hath made clever men, and put it into the head of man to conceive printers. Now, fire, if you would but cheer up a little, and beat out into a little blaze, I should not be badly off, after all." I poked it, and poked it in vain, only electing heavier, smaller clouds from its smouldering embers, and upsetting with my bent-fore-head, in my wrath, a bottle of medicine that stood on the mantelpiece. That brown-looking horror was ordained to pervade the interior of my system: and my system was ever. I had no "I will sense of it!" I exclaimed: "Phaze to the dogs!" though they are animals endowed with far too much sense and sagacity to take it on my lips.

So I bestook me once more to my arm-chair beside the window, and opened my book, with the firm determination of reading therein; but in vain. My eye ranged along the lines, but thought followed it not, and again my gaze turned to the window, and began to take a mysterious interest in the external objects which it revealed. The rain still came down, now and then a gentleman passed, with enormous umbrella, my face half of sombre, lean thought and care, looking his hatred acrophobly way in the great city of smoke, steam and machinery; now and then a cab rattled past with bales of cotton, printed calicoes, and the latest news from America. Then came two Greeks, with olive complexions, black, glistening and sagacious eyes, and coal-black moustachios on the upper lip. These parked more carefully their way, turning up looks of disapprobation at the murky clouds: and so thought of their own fat-of, bright, smiling Land of the sun fitted across their minds, causing an doubt in their hearts of the superior climate of England, and of Manchester, in particular. Some little hour into came along, two or three children all under one mighty umbrella, on their way to the day school: but they walked along very demurely, and thoughtfully—not without any of the fun and frolic which they usually imagined that on way coming out the five minutes which in reality suffered to bring them to the seat of general information, to a good quarter of an hour and better. Now and then a handsome carriage swept along, and more than once my eye was riveted on with a momentary pain, young, delicate face, with dark, languishing eyes, black arched eyebrows, and graceful locks, whose rich and unbraided ends yielded their spiral graces to the air, by the, nowhere have I seen lovelier faces, darker dark's thought, and lighted up his fancy with bright, many, fairy dreams of bliss, but will never, never skewer down upon him! There is a line in one of Miss Tennin's poems which I often think myself repeating, and which to me bears a great charm—

"Life shall pour into her eyes standing treasure by the way."

Would that life would pass me in such an agreeable manner! I would not ask wealth or memory at my last, will one of those lovely girls sitting cheerfully on the lid, holding the key to her bliss which I, smiling from the dark set eyes—"See, here I am at last, never despair. Have you not faith in me or the money?" "O—yes dear!" I should at once exclaim, in a beautiful unnecessary tone "I hang the money to it pieces, I love you!" she would say, "I don't see why we should be foolish enough to put the key into the steam again, to return on to somebody else's use!" And I should decidedly agree to that, and every thing else, and by the sweet entreaty of a girl. I do not think that this was at all the sorts of treasure which the Lord in Tennison's poem: nevertheless it is one that few would despise; would, I fancy.

But where am I wandering? mounting into the regions of moonlight fairy land, away from the matter-of-fact earth and cold reality. See, here am I again at my bay window. It is much harder than ever: the clouds are as changed with the water element that they can hardly make a fly of it. A wind, a teasing wind, has arisen, and over and anon shivers through the tall poplar trees, causing their leaves to dance on, with a wild monthly lament, over the face of being's mirror. Carts and wagons, heavily laden with hops, piled up cotton bales, and their heavy groaning way. Ugly, battered looking cabs, with their worn out horses at intervals, with a speed one would hardly think could be produced by the lean, weary, backs of horses (these most wretched and object of all God's poor ignorant creatures). Ah! whatbrutal immental being—what resting is up on these unhappy, ill-used creatures, does not think God that he is not a sub-horse, yet grow more contented and better from the horrid exercise.

What scenes now! Ah! here and!—a little coffin, borne between a poor, humble, half drenched people in rapid scurrying, evidently the parents of the poor little dead one, decaying on quietly in its little narrow bed, heedless now of their grief, whether sorrow or joy! In other words, feeling cannot there heal—that which to them, feeling, has fled as all to the heaven, or something much, more of the paradise which the last saintly journey of the dead child, and yet here and! What little day shadowing of the limits, the young joyous boys and girls, whose voices I was hearing just now, on their way to the one of the poor, bereaved father, whom, weary and worn with, have, he lifted for that last extraordinary time? Where is the moaned away from earth forever! He shall know him no more! Where is the home and life left his humble hearth an mend! but that little merry laugh will greet his thirsty ear no longer! All will be silent as the grave in which she lies sleeps, with the wind and rain beating over it; and he will gloom with a sickening misery at the little empty nest, and then sit down in mournful silence by the side of the pale, silent wife; and vainly they will water their wearing bread with their tears. I watched the little coffin out of sight, and then with thirst in my eye, pursued them homewards, and threw myself on the bed. Suddenly, as indeed it will often earlier there